

The Larger Life:

A Book of the Heart

OLIVER HUCKEL



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Book _____

The Larger Life

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BY

OLIVER HUCKEL.

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DEDICATED IN LOVING MEMORY

TO

SIDNEY LANIER,

POET AND PROPHET.

The emprise of a lofty Master-spirit
Has sailed the world with white-winged argosies
For wealth,
And found that rarest flower of rarest merit
In Queenly Gardens and King's Treasuries—
Soul-health :

The duty of the right, the nobler right of duty,
The strong divineness that raises men above
The clod,
Beauty of holiness, and holiness of beauty,
Burning in one great fragrant flame of love
Toward God.

O. H.

Baltimore,

December 25, 1900.

PROEM.

- I. *A soul athirst. It drinketh deep of Music, Art, the Drama, Architecture, Poetry. But still it thirsteth.*
- II. *It findeth Human Love, and drinketh. But still athirst.*
- III. *And Love Divine. But still athirst.*
- IV. *It flingeth Art and Love, commingled into Service; and findeth thus the Larger Life,—a thirst that satisfies and yet inspires to loftier love of God and man.*

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Prelude

I
LIFE.

O what a joy to revel in the air
And feel the hot blood pulsing in swift tides
Till crimson sunsets and the purpling hills
Bring on the cooling night with its white stars.

What joy to mimic Nature all so fair
And call forth music where it secret hides
And limn the canvas with the soul that thrills
And build great masonries toward Heaven's bars.

But best of all what joy to sing the songs
Of them who utter the divinest things
And lift the life in music to the skies.

O Soul, thou shalt come forth from herded throngs
And stand on raptured heights with him who sings.
Drink life, drink deep, and learn its sweet surprise.

Part First

MAY DAYS.

[In Druid Hill Park, Baltimore.]

O wondrous the woods at morning !

The oaks in the shimmering light,

Like Druids in ancient rite,

Bow thrice to the sun's up-dawning ;

And the songsters break into song,

Deep-throated and glorious choir,—

They are spirits of seraphim splendid and strong,

With hearts full of heavenly fire.

O wondrous the woods at noon !

All Nature's fragrant breath

Is still as the quiet of death,

And the world's in a golden swoon.

These days are God's own weather,

And the soul seeks its inmost shrine,

While the woods and the world they whisper together :

“ All this glory of God is thine ! ”

O wondrous the woods at night !

'Neath the witching spell of the moon ;

Wondrous the night's high noon,

And its glory of mystic light.

There is magical music and perfume,

And the frolics of fairy folks ;

And the soft-blushing snow of the dog-wood bloom,

Deep drifted among the oaks.

O wondrous the woods this Maytime !

For heaven is kissing the earth,

And God is in glorious mirth,

And His world laughs loud in its playtime.

O heart ! sip thy wine from spring's chalice,

Dance and worship, O flowers so coy

For these wonderful woods are God's temple and palace,

And His heart is in joy, in joy !

NOTRE DAME.

At Athens stands the noble Parthenon,—
A temple of the rarest Doric glory,
Perfect and lucid in proportionment,
And exquisitely wondrous in its growth
Through mutual parts to consummation ;
Each ornament severe and purely finished ;
Rock-based and heaven-domed it stands alone
In stately beauty and in stateliest strength.

And there at Venice is the famed San Marco,—
A dream of mingled and of far-sought splendor,
Byzantine, fair Italian, sterner Gothic,
Elaborate in opulent caprice
Of fanciful and unexpected turns ;
With background carvings in a low relief,—
The light-shade plastics of Italian sculptors,
Ghiberti and the dawning Renaissance.

But here at Paris on the silver Seine,
Majestic rises massive Notre Dame—
The grandest birth of mediæval art,
A stone-wrought music of great thunder tones,
Sublime in silent aspiration.
The clustered lotus-flower in capital
Of hoary Egypt's temple palaces,
The human caryatides of Greece,
Has given place to calm aspiring Nature,—
The forest aisles and rising forest trees,
And meeting branches imaged in the groins,
Mullions, and vaults, and flying buttresses,
And tapering spires of varied multitude ;
A bold adornment fertile everywhere,
And complex details wondrously enriched.
But every flower that peeps from out the stone,
And every spire with lifting head of prayer,
And massive clustered columns as they rise,
Are grouped about a single central plan,—

Greatness and majesty and strength in beauty,—
Beginning, ending in the Cross of Christ.
The stones are vocal—" All too low " (they say),
" He builds who builds below the vaulted skies."

MY QUAKER GRANDMOTHERS.

Like two little doves in gray

On the boughs of a greenwood tree,

My two Quaker grandmothers sit

In my gay genealogy.

The Cavalier struts in my heart,

The Puritan tugs at my will,

But the Quaker faces say "Peace,"

And passion and pride are still.

Dear faces of infinite calm,

Ye have wrought a spell in my blood

That maketh the world seem wise

And sweet with the sunshine of God.

THE VINTAGE DIVINE.

Once in the roystering echoes
That riot in Auerbach's Cellar
Far in old Leipsic town,
A bout of the merriest fellows
'Were holding a gay bacchanal
Of wit and wine and of warbling.

Sly Mephistopheles,—
Poor foolish Faust at his heels,—
Here saw a chance for his wit—
Wit with the sorcerer's curse,
Deviltry born of despite,
Juggling, and fuddling the brain.

Strange he gestures and mutters ;
Then with gimlet he bores
The edge of the table with holes ;
Plugs up each hole with wax,
Asking each man his best wine.

Then with another incanting,
The spell of the juggler is on.
Stoppers are drawn at the word ;
Wine white or red, still or sparkling,—
Wine such as each man loves—
Gushes quick from the wood,
Fills each uplifted glass ;
And deep in each glass are visions,—
Maidens and rare fair vineyards.

Some wine is carelessly spilled,
And it burns on the stones of the floor,
Bursts into flashing flames—
(Sorcery conjured from Hell !)

Hist ! for the spell is off ;
Eyes all boozy stare round—
Wine, visions and Devil are gone.

Craziest tale of a poet, you say,—
Yes, but more. Here's a thought.
We at this table to-night,
In roystering bacchanal joy,
In mingling of hearts and of hopes,
In the exultation of friendships,
In joy of each other's presence,
Are drinking the choice wines of gladness,—
As if from the table itself
Come the wines of jubilant life,
The subtle wines of the spirit,
The rarest vintage of life.

Now we are drinking, and straightway
Visions and rosiest dreams,
High ambitions and hopes,

What to each one seems fairest,
Sweetest and rarest and best,
Bubbles up in his heart.

(Blest be the wines of the spirit,
Wines of the vintage of life !)

But is it the noblest and truest,
Or is it the spell of the juggler,
That gives us the wine of our revels ?
For here in the shadow I see
That sly Mephistopheles,
The tempter, with words such as these :
“ Sacrifice all for the present ! ”
(Behind him, pleasure-lured Faust,
Wisdom and prudence forgot,
Lurks with a scorn in his smile.)

False is the wine of the soul,
And full of remorseless flames ;
The wine that flows at the word

Of lust and selfish desires,
Each heart's Mephistopheles.
Pure and luscious and rare,
Full of the making of life,
Sparkling with glorious visions,
The richest wine of the soul
That bubbles up from a faith
Clustered and ripened in God.
High aspirations and hopes,
Noble thinking and words,
Purest ambitions and deeds ;
These are the exquisite sparkle
Of the wine of the glory of life.

The spirit of answering strength,
Of high inspiration and life
Spoke once in the soul of poor Faust.
He was worn with his worrying books,
Theology, medicine, law,
And he longed to blot out his life,

But he paused, and the poison was dropped ;
For he heard the voice of the Highest,
In the sweet, tender voices of children
Singing Easter hymns to the Christ.

Once again it spoke in his soul
When, at the spring-time, he went
A-field with the village folk
And saw the sweetness of life
And the strength of the pure, and he felt
The noble contagion of goodness :
“ Here I’m a man. Here I dare
To be one ! ” cried his heart in its joy—
Then he tasted the best wine of life.

Wines that sweeten the soul,
Making this life worth the strife,
Lifting the soul toward the noblest,
In the splendors of high exaltation,
Are the joys of the simple life,
Are the kindness of thought and of deed,

Are the love of children and wife,
Are the faithfulness of a friend
And the deep communion of souls.

Wines of the vintage of life !
The clustering grapes of kind thoughts,
Ripened by sunshine of smiles,
Pressed in the warmth of a heart,
Blood of the soul, dew of God.
Wine that sings in the blood
With a music of heavenly harps,
Wine that warms the soul like the sun,
And flashes the eye with its sheen.

Bacchus of old never knew such delight,
Such a cure for dull care and despair,
Such a draught of intoxicate joy.
Wines of the vintage of hearts
Quick with the sparkle of heaven,
Rich with the Infinite Love,
Wines of the vintage of God !

THE REVEL OF INFINITE LIFE.

'Tis life, 'tis life on every tomb,
Unfolding at each new death,—
'Tis the rose of God forever in bloom,
And full of His fragrant breath.

The pains and night are the gifts of might,
And the blood of the soul beats fast ;
And fierce and bright with a deathless light
Comes Heaven in glory at last.

We live and we revel in infinite life ;
We cannot die if we will ;
We may fight, we may fall in the bloody strife ;
But onward we struggle still.

Shame on the cowards, so niggard of breath,
Let's away and welcome the strife,—
We fling ourselves on the spears of death,
And are caught in the arms of Life.

THE NEW WORLD OF SPRINGTIME.

Month after month in the darkness,
In the horror of cold and gloom,
Over the waves of winter,
Through sleeting storms of doom,
Plungeth and plougheth sternly
Our ship sailing fierce and fast.

And onward it courseth dreary
And endless the leagues that are past,
And the heart of the crew grows weary
And sullen and rebel at last. . . .

Tidings! the trill of a bird,
A balm in the air, and first flowers
Float out on the tides of the world.
And forgot are the mutinous murmurs
And eager each wistful eye . . .
Land ho!—and a land of flowers!
And islands close in the offing,
And the welcome of sheltering seas.

Pipe up ! Let the sails be furled,
For the vexing voyage is ended,
And good-bye to the bellowing breeze !

And with laughter and songs of mirth
We steer our jubilant shallop,—
That softly slideth and glideth,—
Into the seas of spring,
The inland seas of calms.

There are the blossoming islands
With meadows and fronded palms
And the song of birds on the wing—
The woods are a-quiver with echo
Of the throbbing passion they sing—
And the air is the fragrance of spices
On the dewy breath of the morn,
And the wonder and rapture of springtime
Is a new fresh World at its dawn.

THE ROSE.

"That perfect rose of a song."

—Sidney Lanier's Letters.

It grew in the depth of a soul,
Watered by tender tears,
Warmed by an inner sunshine,—
The passions, the hopes, the fears.

'Twas rich with a radiant beauty,
A twilight of dusky dreams,
A hidden and opulent splendor,
A shimmer of sunset gleams.

'Twas rare with the fairest fragrance,
A sigh from a sweet-breathed mouth,
The atmosphere all delicious
Of the hazy and slumberous South.

It blossomed melodious music,
Superbly sweet and strong ;
'Twas a glory of God's revelation,—
That perfect rose of a song.

PRELUDES.

(After hearing Liszt's symphony-poem "Les Preludes.")

Down in the depths of the heart,
The laughter and shouting of life,
The tears and the groanings of life,
Lamenting and jubilant voices,
Down in the depths of the heart,
Are woven to meshes of music,—
Wordless, but deeply melodious,—
That cover the soul as a garment
Of cloth of gold and of glory.

These notes of our lives are the preludes
To the unknown, eternal song,
To the symphony, veiled but sublime,
Whose first deep jubilant note

Will be the intoning of Death—
Death's note the first note of the music,—
But the surging and rapturous torrent
Of tremulous perfected fulness,
Pulsing with palpitate life,
Leaping with roseate joy,
That shall gladden the music-wrought realms,
Is the chorus eternal of life
That wakes from the great heart of God.

•

THE ETERNAL MELODIES.

(At a Symphony Concert in Boston.)

What Dante caught with dreamful eyes—
All Paradise out-breathing song
Mid myriad gleams of prescious stones!
What good Saint Martin saw entranced—
Fair flowers that sounded music forth
And silent notes that shone in beauty—
(The lustrous vision of two glowing hearts,)
Thou seest, feelest, O my soul, this day
And eye and heart are filled and thrilled—
Melodious colors and thrice radiant notes,
Pipings of eternal song—
Eternal melodies!

Evoluting harmonies,
Strife of upper, lower notes,
Conflict, tension, blessed calm,
Quick recurring theme transmuted,
Phases new, yet single motif
Constant reappearing,
Questions ever asking answer,
Contrasts, movements, actions.
The music drama plays
The Samson Agonistes,
With mutterings of brazen war,
With angel voices of flutes,
With whisperings and sighing strings,
With muffled thunder of drums,
Clashing cymbals—
Now soft Lydian airs,
Deep and tender-melodious,
All conquering sweetness—
Now stammering utterance,

With feeble gropes in the darkness—
And now a jubilant shout,
The fettered Samson is loosed,
Thunders triumphant,
In massive chorus of chords
Battles in song eternal,
Eternal melodies !

Deeper than outer surges
Come the hidden harmonious waves
Of slumberous undertones,
And to closed eyes, spirit-gifted,
Float into the listening soul
Visions of veiled virgins passing,
Passing silent, pure and swift,
With music-measuring wings
That softly whisper—"God !"—
Apocalypse of music, breathing God.
It is another Patmos here !

The veil is rent—the ravished soul
Sees and hears the Heavenly City
In moving melodies descend—
Hears and sees the flowering music
Breathe and whisper words of silence—
Echo of the voiceless spirit—
“Be a harmony with God!”
Sacrament of symphonies,
Eternal melodies!

THE POETS.

They sing with breath of strong, red-hearted manhood,
Songs that surge forth in glad melodious voice
From sounding depths and secret springs of music.

The voices in the soul seek utterance . . .
At times they paint in earnest trifling words,
Or vent, in whims and fancies of caprice,
Some careless snatches, simple ballad songs,
(So Michelangelo carved cameos,
Trifling, but full of slight ethereal grace,
Yet was it still the hand that wrought the Moses,
And frescos of the Sistine chapel wall) . . .
And now the voices echo in a hymn
Majestic, sweet, impassioned, incense-bearing,
A hymn that kindles prayer on every lip

And sets the heart's dead altar-fires a-flame, . . .
And now a quiet chant in deep rich words
That, burdened with a hidden worth of meaning,
And deep repose, bring peace to stirring souls.

Life needy, struggling, commonplace, discordant,
Flowers into beauty at their touch of song ;
They feel, they live with heaven in their souls ;
They speak the secrets of eternity ;
They turn life's common waters into wine.
As whispering rain-drops fall their gentle words
Bewitching sweet their tender thought and music,—
They wind, like arms of loved ones, round the heart
The thought embracing and the music kissing.

AT A TRUE POET'S GRAVE.

(From the French of Ronsard. These verses, in the old French, were favorites of Robert Browning. Edmund Gosse says that he has often heard him repeat them with enthusiasm.)

O tomb, how great thou art
To hold within thy heart
A man whose deathless verse
All men rehearse.

Who never in his life
Was burned with envious strife,
Nor fawned with begging words
On earth's great lords.

Nor taught the lover's craft
Of using magic draught,
Nor any art austere
Of ancient seer.

But showed us by his art
The comrades of our heart
Treading the sward along
In festive song.

For on his harp he found
Such concord of sweet sound,
His muse new glory yields
To men and fields.

BROWNING IN WESTMINSTER.

(Written the day after Browning's funeral.)

This pavement presses on a heart of fire,
A quenchless flame—it flames in earth and heaven—
Deathless it burns as long as man's hot blood
Pulses with surgings of the refluent tides
Of light and lighted love and loving life.

Here was a man that lived his life in men.
Red was his heart, and human to the core.
Ah, sweet the fruit within that rough-coat rind ;
Ah, strong the splendid balance of his life,
That lived in man and breathed in the divine.

Here was a master-voice for great men's hearts,
That told them what their noblest selves might be.
Here was a soul that pierced the commonplace
And let the imprisoned splendor forth,
Set with the crowning aureole of God.

Thought, rugged, thunderous,—but in the clouds
The gleaming bolt that never failed ;
Fancies quaint and quizzical with lore,
But woven with the stuff of dreams divinely ;
Faith, piercing clear the sun with dauntless eye,
Serene, robust, enthusiastic, godlike.

O poet-prophet, gone in fiery glory—
The sky of Italy, methinks, was all ablaze
In the fine fire of heavenly splendor,
When peaceful breathed thy soul its larger air,—
O poet-prophet, dare the hearts that break
Pray for a portion of thy matchless spirit ?
The earth needs singers—sad its heart and woes—
But who can dare the music of thy soul
Or set in tune such surge of beating thoughts
And be not wrecked in utter ecstasy ?

THE SONG OF ROLAND.

(From the French of Alexandre Duval.)

O, where are they riding, these warriors,
The flower and the glory of France ?
They are riding to fight for our hearth-stones
And for this they have snatched up the lance.
And the bravest and strongest among them
It is Roland, the lightning of war ;
When he fights, 'tis the scythe of destruction and death,
And his blade reaps a harvest of gore.

Soldiers of France, shout for Roland,
The hero of sword and of lance ;
Shout aloud in the brunt of the battle
The war-cry : For Glory and France !

See the myriads there in the valley,
And the mountains are bright with their sheen ;
Their pennants and banners are flying
Far off in the meadows of green.
Ah, Frenchmen, there are your foemen,
Already they shiver with fear ;
For Roland is waving his blade in the air,
And they tremble as Roland rides near.

O, the honor to fight under Roland,
To fight round his banner so bright,
To follow the plume of his helmet
As it leads to the thick of the fight.
Ride fast and take part in his glory,
What matter the might of the foes ?
'Tis Roland that fights, and the barriers of steel
Are melting like mist at his blows.

How many the foemen ? how many ?
Cries the craven who dreams of retreat ;

But the hero seeks glory in danger,
'Tis danger that makes it so sweet.
Be like Roland, brave lads, like Roland,
With a soul that can die, but not yield,
And never will reckon the foemen he fights
Till he numbers them dead on the field.

O list to the blast of his trumpet,
It echoes far off on the plain.
Hurrah ! for our Roland is leading ;
He is fighting,—great God ! tis in vain !
He is stricken, is wounden, is fallen,
His armor is streaming with gore
No, no, he is up, and is fighting with death !
And, wounded, is shouting once more.

Soldiers of France, shout for Roland,
Do his deeds with the sword and the lance ;
Happy the brave men who follow,
And conquer and die for fair France

THE HERITAGE OF KNOWLEDGE.

A golden shower of light, mellow and warm,
Like benedictions from a white-haired sire,
Fell through the oriel window, and aslant,
Set all its rosy hues aflame, and glinted
Upon stern portraits of the college fathers,
And fine old bronzes and rare casts. 'Twas near
The gloaming, and the calm of fruitful silence
Was hushing out the tangled day's confusion
And bringing inspiration of sweet thoughts.

Alone I sat. In front a ponderous tome
Of lore fantastic rapt my eager soul.
All else around was naught—the library shelves
Weighted with all the wisdom of the ages,
The blazoned page of history, the play
Of all prolific fancy, and the wealth
Of world-old science, shrouded in the dust—

The musty heirloom of the tribute years—
Were all discarded for one treasure-trove :
A volume leathern-bound, with brazen clasp,
Quaint with black-letter, worn and stained with age,
Dragged from the pile of mediæval store,
Full of strange marks and mystic cabala,
The secret annals of the Rosicrucians,
Writ in a mongrel Latin at old Bremen,
Describing life, pre-natal life, and life
In death—a sempiternal fire-born breath ;
The secrets of eternal youth ; the gift
To live in bird and beast, and feel their life ;
To live the past, or in the age to come ;
Strange formulas and signets.

I read and read,
And learned strange secrets, such as mortal ken,
Forbidden, wots of.

And with daring heart
Longing to test the spell, sudden at last

I spoke the word, big with the power of doom,
All seven letters with slow and panting breath,
And marked in blood—red blood from my own veins—
The sign three-pronged and crossed, and Heaven and
Earth

And Hell were sealed unto my summons.

The crimson sea engulfed the dying sun,
The gathering gloom brought tremor undefined,
And shuddering, I know not why, the while
Sweat beads outstood upon my feverish brow,
I waited.

The darknesss flashed with light,
Then all was dark again. Not all, for as
I looked, a sudden gleaming rushed from book
To book along the shelves, and up and down,
As if the thought and spirit of the ages
Were gathering. Brighter it grew, and hot
And whirling round and round before my eyes,
The air all tremulous with unwonted stir,

From glowing hollow sphere with blazing core,
It fashioned to the stature of a man
With flowing beard and mantle, venerable.
A moment silent stood, then slow he spake :
“ I am the power ye summoned. Ask your dole.
What do you want of me, riches or life ? ”
And with my brain afire, I answered him,
“ Nor days nor wealth. I want the power to know
My ancestors, and live their lives, and feel
Within my heart their very kin-blood stir,
And have the varied sum of all the knowledge
That, learned from well-conned script, or cunning
tongue,
Or hard experience, within them died.
This lifeful memory of the past I want—
The power to know and feel all thoughts, all feelings,
That my race have had from most remotest time.
Give me my rightful heritage of knowledge
Which niggard Nature, jealous of her brood,

Denies, lest with the new gained power,
Her fondly guarded secrets all be shamed.
Give me my right and power!" Bright gleamed his
eyes ;

"You know not what you ask. Yet yours it is!"

He spoke, and in a fiery flash was gone.

.

Joy! joy!! I live and feel the glorious past ;
My heart is throbbing with such strange emotions ;
My brain is whirling with its wealth of thought.
I live the spotless life of erst creation,
The wondrous raptures of a pure-born soul.
I live in Eden, on the green Euphrates,
Now Araby, Judea, Greece and Russe,
Now Frankish land and early savage Britain.
I see the endless courses of my blood,
I see the moulding forces of my life
From primal morning, when the breath of God
Brought life. I think unmeasured thoughts,

Bright, dull, pure, lewd, grotesque, and weird,
High speculations, fancies, theories, all
The meditations, aspirations, such
As countless human hearts in all the ages
Could think. I feel the cheer of hearty laughter,
All sense enjoyments, rapturous feasts of loves,
Loud shouts of triumph, gladness of good deeds,
The ages' pæans for their hopes' fruitions—
But what! must these come too! I feel
The pangs of pain, and agony's red sweats,
Gnawings of lust, and travails sore as death,
The smittings of despair and sorrow's tears,
Bites of remorse, the throes of sin-repentance
Of all my race. Oh, God, it is enough—
Too much for mortal.

Down I swooned away.

.

The morning sun peeped rosy from the east,
And through the windows and athwart my eyes,

And woke sweet Memnon-music in my soul :
The pleasure-pain, the past again was dead.

Before me lay the ponderous leathern tome,
Its rude black letters, and red, diverse signs.
I felt the pages—they were wet with tears.

Interlude

LIFE IN LOVE.

Not satisfied? A new light floods the soul,
For love has touched it in a rapturous pain—
It dies, it lives, it dies and lives again,
And lightnings flash and rapturous thunders roll.

But higher yet love's purple glories shine
From heart of earth they flame in fragrant stream,
To lustrous whiteness of an ambient dream
And sip a sweetness from the Heart Divine.

The birth of love is birth of finest pleasure,
And rarest joys come thronging without measure,
And life in love is glorious life complete.

Drink, drink, O Soul, drink deep and find it sweet,
Nor murmur at the scantness of the dole,
Be satisfied with life in love, O Soul.

Part Second

A LITANY OF LOVE.

For Any Lover and His Loved One.

(Speaking Alternate Lines.)

O my beloved, hear me.

Speak, thy beloved is near thee.

Fair art thou among women.

Fair for the print of thy kiss.

Sweet art thou among women.

Sweet for thy fountain of bliss.

Kind art thou among women.

Kindness thyself doth impart.

Noble art thou among women.

Nobler through knowing thy heart.

Thou art the star of my light.
My light is the light of thy love.

Thou art the joy of my night.
My joy is in joy of thy love.

O soul of my soul, thou art mine.
My beloved, alone I am thine.

My fairest, my sweetest, my dove.
Love me, I live in thy love !

IN THE TIME OF ROSES.

In the time of roses she died,
The fairest and noblest of women,
And the roses were doubly fragrant,
With the soul that she breathed in the air,
But my heart it was heavy, heavy,
For the love untold and alone.

The south wind kisses the grasses
That bloom on the quiet mound,
The oriole builds in the cypress
Its hanging cradle of love,
But my heart breaks there in the twilight,
In the infinite sorrow of death.

Yet she sleeps to love's awakening,—
With a kiss I shall quicken life,
When my exile of living is over,
And I enter with tremulous footsteps
Her radiant palace of death.

Softly as we, she sleeps,
In the calm of the summer night.
What matter where one awakes,—
'Mid the blood-red roses of dawn
In the purple silence of earth ;
Or the snow-white roses of flame
In the fragrance of infinite life.

So my heart hears double voices
In the whispering winds in the trees,
And the rustling of dead, dead leaves
In the garden of deathless souls,
Where the deathless Master walks.

When the cool of the evening stars
Is bathing the stillness of earth,
'Mid the heavy bloom of the poppy
And the wealth of the jasmine flowers,
My heart hears double voices
In the garden of deathless souls.

SIMÆTHA THE SORCERESS.

(From the Greek : A paraphrase of parts of the Second Idyll of Theocritus.)

Thestylis, prithee, my laurels ! fetch me my love-
charming philters !

Garland the milking pail there with the choicest of wool
deep-empurpled !

So may I bring to my feet my faithless and recreant
lover.

Twelve are the passionless days, and the cruel-hearted
one has not sought me,

Knows not, and cares not, forsooth, whether I'm dead
yet or living ;

Silent my door from his knocks, lately so often and
eager.

Look down and smile, lady Moon ; list as I chaunt thy
soft praises ;
Harken, dread Hecate there, stalking 'mid gravestones
at midnight,
Seeking the corpse's black gore, while even the whelps
howl and flee thee.

*(Whirl thy weird spell, brazen wheel, whirl hither my
wandering lover !)*

Just as this wax in my hand melts down by the aid of
the goddess,
So may the heart of my Delphis, my Myndian Delphis,
be melted ;
So, like the spin of my wheel, may Delphis be spun to
my doorway.

*(Whirl thy weird spell, brazen wheel, whirl hither my
wandering lover !)*

Thrice the libation I pour, thrice stir the black broth of
my magic—

Fire-burnt barley and bran, bruised lizard and madden-
ing poisons ;

Hark, the howls of the dogs, the goddess is now in the
cross-roads !

*(Whirl thy weird spell, brazen wheel, whirl hither my
wandering lover !)*

See how still is the sea, how calm is the breath of the
breezes,

All things peaceful and still, but the deep-burning grief
of my bosom ;

There is my heart all aflame for my faithless but vir-
ginal lover !

*(Whirl thy weird spell, brazen wheel, whirl hither my
wandering lover !)*

Here is the fringe of his robe, left in my hands when
he loved me ;

Now will I tear it to shreds, and the furious fire shall
devour it !

Marsh-leech thou art, grievous Love, tight-clinging and
sucking my life blood.

.

*(List to my love, lady Moon, now hear the sweet source
of my sorrow !)*

First, as I viewed the procession, first did my eye light
on Delphis—

Delphis with fair, golden beard, more yellow than
helicrus' blossoms,

Breast all glowing and bright, outshining thy glory,
Selana,

Splendid and noble he came from the brawn-giving,
far-famed palæstra.

*(List to my love, lady Moon, now hear the sweet source
of my sorrow !)*

Phrensy was born at the sight; my faint, throbbing
heart was all smitten;

Nothing I saw of procession, nothing of anything after;

Wasted my beauty became ; a hot, burning sickness
possessed me ;
Ten nights tossed I wild on my couch, ten days all afire
with the fever.

*(List to my love, lady Moon, now hear the sweet source
of my sorrow !)*

What crone's help did I miss, or witch using weird
incantation ;
But naught gave me soothing relief, nor crooning nor
magical potion.
Then I resolved, and I called, " Go, Thestylis, watch
the palæstra,
Where strong-wrestling Delphis is found, my Myndian
charmer and master."

*(List to my love, lady Moon, now hear the sweet source
of my sorrow !)*

When you have found him alone, beckon him gently
and tell him,

“Come, for Simætha desires thee.” Quickly she went,
and she brought him,
Delphis, the shining-skinned Delphis, him whom I
wanted to love me,
Crossing the threshold I saw him, light-footed, graceful
and handsome.

*(List to my love, lady Moon, now hear the sweet source
of my sorrow!)*

When I beheld him I chilled, thrice colder than snow
was my body,
Sweat poured down from my brow fast as the southern
dew falls;
Naught was I able to speak, not even as murmuring
children
Calling for mother in sleep; transfixed me my vehement
passion.

.

*(List to my love, lady Moon, now hear the sweet source
of my sorrow!)*

Eros oft kindles a blaze, thrice hot as Liparian Vulcan.

Sweet were our whispers together, sweet were the
apples of Bacchus,

Sweet were the kisses of love. Right true has he been
to his promise,

Nothing till now has there happened, blight on our
fervent affection.

Just as the rosy-armed Dawn coursed up with her
steeds from the ocean,

To-day my flute-player came, and told me the tale of
my Delphis,

Delphis with wreaths for new loves, and making liba-
tions to Eros.

Him shall I bring to my feet with these baneful Assyrian
potions.

Farewell, sweet lady Moon, now leave me alone in my
sorrow !

Farewell, love-faithful stars, close follow the wheels of
your mistress !

BEATRICE.

(Three sonnets from the Italian of Dante's Vita Nuova, in the exact metre
and final grace notes of the original.)

I. WHEN BEATRICE GIVES GREETING.

“Negli occhi porta la mia donna Amore. . . .”

Within her eyes sweet love my Lady beareth ;
On whom she smiles, straightway is gentle-hearted ;
And when she walks all eyes are toward her darted,
The heart whom she salutes all raptures weareth.

While pale with downcast face hot sighing teareth
The soul remorseful for each fault upstarted,
And haughtiness and wrath are quick departed.—
Assist me, every dame who in her honor shareth.—

All sweetness and all lowly meditation
Are born in hearts that hear her voice in story ;
Thrice blessed he who catches earliest vision.

And when she faintly beams with smiles Elysian,
Nor tongue nor thought can ever tell her glory,—
Such the new miracle of God's creation.

II. A MIRACLE OF LOVELINESS.

“Tanto gentile e tanto onesta pare. . . .”

So guileless and so courteously tender
My Lady is whenever she gives greeting,
That to soft silence every voice is fleeting,
And every eye falls, wondering at her splendor.

Her grace and goodness endless praise engender,
But still she walks, humility competing
With kind benignity at every greeting,—
Fair Heaven, to show a miracle, did send her.

So full of pleasaunce is she, and desire now,
That through one's eyes, e'en to the heart, flows
sweetness,
Which none have known but who have known the
wonder;

And from her lips, when soft they part asunder,
A soothing spirit, full of love's own meetness,
Forever whispers to the soul, "Aspire thou !"

III. BEATRICE AMONG HER LADIES.

"Vede perfettamente ogni salute. . . ."

He sees the perfect glory of my Lady
Who sees her with the ladies who attend her,
And they, her blest companions, quick are ready
For such high favor gracious thanks to render.

Such virtue hath her beauty pure and steady,
No envy doth she anywhere engender ;
All love and truth clothes on my gentlest Lady—
Her ladies walk beside her in its splendor.

Whate'er she looks on seems to feel her blessing,
And all things, like herself, she makes Elysian ;
And each who 'tends her catches lustre glorious.

Such nobleness is in her life confessing

That none can call her to his mind in vision,

But deeply sighs, in sweetest love victorious.

SITTING WITH THE CANDLES.

(An Aged New England Mother Speaks.)

Almost alone—no, one is burning !

But seven blackened wicks

Watch with my gray hairs yet.

Nay, now I see them all a-light,

Their flame calm rising and as pure as heaven—

This one alone is flickering.

Have sixty golden years all gone

Since he and I (he nestles in God's heart)

Welcomed with deep reverent hearts

Our first gift from the Infinite,

A new life from the Infinite,

A spotless soul,

The blending of our own two lives in Him,

And lighted a first candle
In the deep Sabbath twilight
As sacramental membrancer
Of God's good gift?

And as the years, rosy with love and flowers,
So came new blossoms from the eternal Life,
Fragrant with God.
Each soul was as a new-born sacrament
That led into the holy of the holies.
Each soul brought new thanksgiving,
And we lighted new for each, another waxen taper,
For Sabbath twilights,
Until full seven burned.

And can I thank my God
That one by one their lives,
So full of joyous flaming and delight,
Burnt, flashed, and in a sudden were gone out,
And we left desolate,

And only blackened wicks
To bring into my Sabbath hour of peace ?
One only burning—and it a flickering light.
(O my boy of prayers and hopes, astray,
A-wandering I know not where,
You shall come back all weary of your sin
And live again.

I light this Sabbath candle of your life
With all a mother's love.)

Shall I thank God for candles snuffed and dead,
Or sit here solitary, sullen and rebellious ?
Stay !—saw I not their flashing, glorious light
And felt their joy ?
They brought their prophet message to our lives,
They brought us truer love and joy of service,
And ecstasy of pureness and high aspiration ;
In all our struggles and our strife
With life and sorrow and deep temptation,

They brought us near to God ;
They taught us how to new interpret
The darkened oracles of God ;
And when their light went out
(It was the Spirit of the Lord that blew it),
It flamed from earth in upward trail,
And showed the open gates of heaven.

To-night in Sabbath twilight,
With dead candles I keep my vigil.
Yet I am not alone. I look into the past—
(O joyous years of laughing faces
And every candle burning in its joy !)
And now with eyes and ears all closed
There comes a spirit-gift. I see, I hear,
A greater wealth of lights and voices.
With strange, unutterable yearning
My eyes turn thitherward,
My soul lies still and listens,

What mean dead candles? These candles are aflame—
My children love me still ;
They put their loving arms around my neck ;
Their young love tugs in gladness at my heart-strings ;
They love me, and they whisper and they beckon—
*And God and heaven are here !

EASY TO DRIFT.

Easy to drift to the open sea,
The tides are eager and swift and strong,
And whistling and free are the rushing winds,—
But O, to get back is hard and long.

Easy as told in Arabian tale,
To free from his jar the evil sprite
Till he rises like smoke to stupendous size—
But O, nevermore can we prison him tight.

Easy as told in an English tale,
To fashion a Frankenstein, body and soul,
And breathe in his bosom a breath of life—
But O, we create what we cannot control.

Easy to drift to the sea of doubt,
Easy to hurt what we cannot heal,
Easy to rouse what we cannot soothe,
Easy to speak what we do not feel,
Easy to show what we ought to conceal,
Easy to think that fancy is fate,—
And O, the wisdom that comes too late !

IF LOVE WERE ALL.

(See "The Prisoner of Zenda.")

If love were all,—I would come to thee
Through flood and sword and flame ;
I would dare the scorn of the Judgment Morn
And the pains of death and shame ;
I would struggle and fight through eternal night
And anguish as bitter as gall ;
I would gain thee at last, and hold thee fast,—
If love were all,—if love were all.

If love were all,—I would fly with thee
To the farthest ends of the earth,
And, defying fate and the world's deep hate,
We would live in the revels of mirth.
What care for doom and the pitiless gloom,
And the curse of the sable pall !

What if unforgiven!—we would *have* our heaven,—

If love were all,—if love were all.

If love were all—but it is not all,

For honor is dearer than life—

'Tis God's own breath that outliveth death

And sweetens all sorrow and strife.

God gave heart's love from the heaven above,

But he gave mind's will as well ;

And the lips of the Lord told the soul this word :

That *love without honor* is Hell.

If love were all—but it is not all,

For God is still in His Heaven ;

And wine and song cannot drown the wrong

Of black sins unforgiven.

God giveth no rest to a love unblest,

And its joy is a hollow shell ;

And lust's desire is the quenchless fire

Of the woe of the nethermost Hell.

If love were all,—yes, love *is* all,
When passion with purity blends ;
When love looks above to the Lord of love
And lives for divinest ends ;
When honor and right are the soul's high light,
Then deep unto deep doth call,
Then love's deep shrine knows God's joy divine,
And love *is* all,—yes, love is *all*.

Interlude

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III

LOVE IN LIFE.

But still unsatisfied, within the breast
A noble yearning, a divine unrest,
Nor art, nor music, nor the poet's fire,
Nor flames of human love have quenched desire.

And in a desperate soul-abandonment
Passion and purity are finely blent
And all the life is lost in deep despair
And found again and raised with wings of prayer.

This is the life for which the spirit cried,
This vision into Heaven's eternal light,
This rapture even into the glooms of night.

The life in God is pure and sweet and fair,
Drink deep, O Soul, of ecstasy and prayer,
Drink deep of God and be thou satisfied !

Part Third

THE RETURN TO CHRIST.

O Master, from the darkening words
And endless strife of men,
We turn our hearts in eager quest
And come to Thee again.

We love Thy sweet simplicity,
Thy tender smile of grace ;
We love Thy gentle flow of speech,
Thy loving longing face.

We love the healing of Thy touch,
The magic of Thy name ;
We love the flashing of Thine eye,
Thy hate of sin and shame.

We love Thy human cares and prayers,
Thy kinship in our blood ;
We love the glory, half unseen,
That crowns Thee as our God.

We worship, and our vision clears,
And mists and clouds depart ;
We see through Thee the open Heaven
And God the heart's own Heart.

O MOTHER-HEART OF GOD.

O mother-heart of God,
I lay my weary, weary heart,
Bleeding with buffetings,
And scarred with spirit-sins,—
I lay it close to Thee.

The world has naught of life
To give the dead,—nor strength nor hope.
I cry. The air is empty,
And echoes my despair.
The selfish hearts of men
Are chill and cold !

But Thee I know and love,
O warm and throbbing heart of God!
The pulsings of eternal love,
The secret springs of strength
Are in Thy mother-touch.

My heart lies close to Thine
And in the silences I hear and feel
The eloquence of never-failing love.
Peace, rest, exultant joy,
The throbbing of a mother's love
Are in Thy silent touch.

My heart lies close to Thine
And trusts and lives again,
Comfort and strength are in Thy touch.—
Thy pulse is holiness and health,
A living joy and warmth of love,
O mother-heart of God.

GOD IN MAN.

I love the God in Jesus Christ,
Strong as the Throne above,
Yet wreathed His face with the deathless grace
Of Love, eternal Love.

I love the Man in Jesus Christ
Bended to earth full length,—
But stooping down, He grasped the crown
Of Strength, eternal Strength.

Love long, O heart of mine ; be strong ;
The Man and God in thee
Shall have their way and make the clay
A shrine of Deity !

CHRISTUS LIBERATOR.

(After Pressense.)

Christ, the strong Deliverer,
Is come, all crowned with glory !

The old Chaldean yearning,
The terror-stricken conscience
Incanting seven demons
And weeping for black sins,
Were all for Him they knew not.

Gray Egypt saw Him dimly,
And uttered darkling words
Of One who suffered, wounded
In wounds of all His creatures.

For Him the Iran magi
Strained eyes all full of heartache,
For Zoroaster's Master,
For One the perfect Saviour.
The India of the Vedas
Was longing for His coming ;
Within cold pantheism
Broke burning intuitions
And quenchless thirst for pardon.
No deep annihilation
For self and all mankind
Woke joy or satisfaction,
But love and sweet compassion
To desolate, oppressed.
Fantastic incarnations,
The day-dreams of the Brahman,
Discerned the distant image
Of that embattling victor,
The deathless Son of God.

The God whom Greece prefigured
At Delphi and Eleusis,
Who saves because He suffered ;
The God of myth and symbol
Foretold by Hebrew prophets
And Roman sibyllines,
And all the deep-toned voices,
Vain striving and vain seeking,
And weary hopes and gropings
Of human aspiration—
Christ, the strong Deliverer,
Is come all-crowned with glory !

The star of earliest Noël
Uprose in silent splendor ;
The darkness was a-light,
The heavens full of singing—
Christ, the strong Deliverer,
Is come all-crowned with glory !

Obeying, loving, dying,
And in the dying, saving ;
Interpreting all past,
Embracing all the future,
Stands forth the conquering Christ—
Christ, the strong Deliverer,
Is come all-crowned with glory !

IN THE CLOISTER.

(A Reminiscence of Divinity Life.)

Ah ! blessed life within the brotherhood,
The earnest brothers of the common life,
Where every soul was stern intent on God
And matins, vespers, and the daily meals
Were blest and sanctified with prayers and praises,
And year by year in that rare atmosphere
Of thought and talk on wondrous things divine.
The loving leadings of the Lord of Life,
The voices of the spirit to the heart,
And all the stern, strong problems of the soul ;
The treasures of Holy Writ and deep philosophies,
And morning adorations to the manly Christ
And evening musings on the lives of Saints,—
The true, the pure, the faithful in all ages
Who had known God and lived their lives in Him
And left the inspiration of their deeds. . . .

What though there were no dark monastic cells,
Nor cloistered aisles, nor tonsured pates, nor cowl,
Nor quaint black-letter missals for the chants,
In that new monastery on Beacon Hill.

There was the same sequestered brotherhood
That sought the deeper life in prayers and books
And revelled in the mysteries of God.

The mystic musings of the fervent Ruysbroeck,
Of Eckhard, Suso, and the gentle Tauler,
And that divinest of them all, á-Kempis,
Gave something of their gracious warmth of beauty,
To that heart-logic of the strong Arminius,
And bred a school of prophets, modern mystics,
Of burning heart and tongue of flaming love.
The breath of God was in their prayer and praise,
The Spirit of the Highest brooded there—
And was it not a cloister of the Lord?

PRAYER AND ANSWER.

O God, I cannot walk the *Way*,—
The thorns, the thirst, the darkness,
And bleeding feet and aching heart !
I hear the songs and revels of the throng,—
They sneer upon my downcast face with scorn,—
Yet, O my God, I *must* and shall walk with Thee !

O God, I cannot take the truth !
Far easier honeyed hopes and falsehoods fair,
But Truth,—the Truth is stern and strong and awful.
It ploughs my soul with plow-shares flaming hot,—
Yet give me Truth. I must have Truth, O God !

O God, I cannot live the Life,—
The flinging all to death that life may come ;
The surging of Thy Spirit in my heart
In fire and flame will all consume me,—
Yet O my God, I cannot live without Thee !

And as I agonized in dust and shame
With tears and sighs in all the bitter prayer,
I felt, as 'twere, an arm that stole around me,
And raised me to my feet.
And at the touch, hope blossomed in the heart,
And new found strength in flood-tides thrilled and
 throbbed
Through soul and limbs. I looked to see
O tender lordly Face !
It was Himself,—*the Way, the Truth, the Life !*

UNWORTHINESS.

O how unworthy I am
To follow my Master and Lord ;
O how unworthy I am
To preach His unsearchable Word.

Lord, I fall in the dust,
And beat my breast with a cry ;
Lord, I am weakness and sin,—
Forgive me and let me die. . . .

Hark ! 'tis the voice of my God,
And His anger of love is stirred :
“ 'Tis I that shall work in the deeds ;
“ 'Tis I that shall speak in the Word.

“ I thrust thee into the world,
“ Weak and unworthy thou art ;
“ But see, I give thee My worth,
“ And the infinite strength of My heart.

“ Yes, unworthy thou art
“ But worthy and righteous thy Lord ;
“ Yes, unworthy thou art
“ But worthy and mighty His Word.

THE LITTLE CHILD JESUS.

(Some Verses for the Dear Little Ones at Christmas Time.)

The little child Jesus
Came down from the light,
And He nestled so warm
In the heart of the night.
The world was a-cold
And full of its strife,
But He nestled so warm
That He woke *love* to life.

The little child Jesus
Found no room in the inn,—
There was room there for folly,
And anger and sin.
O deep in *my* heart
I will give Him a place,
And ask for His blessing
And pray for His grace.

The little child Jesus
 Had a star in the sky,
That followed Him gladly
 And stood waiting by.
The Wise Men they saw it
 And it was their guide,—
O beautiful Christ-star
 Lead *me* to His side.

The little child Jesus
 He smiled in His sleep,
And the angels they saw it
 And sang soft and sweet.
O little child Jesus,
 Smile Thou upon *me*,
And make me a happy
 Dear sweet child like Thee.

A MAN HAS BEEN BORN.

(Christmas Symphony.)

There is joy in my heart for a Man has been born !

And I answer the carollers' song,—

As they sing through the streets of the city

In the cold-shining light of the stars

On this Christ-morn,—

With an Amen deep-born in my soul,

And the chime of the bells from the church-towers,—

(O the infinite peace, and the peace-breathing joy,

And the joyous delight of the chimes !

Well know they the day of the Tender, the Manful, the
Christ !)—

And the deep-meaning voice from the heart of the bells

Finds an echo in me.

A Man has been born !

He came in the younger, the glad-hearted world—

(It too had its writhings and tears !)

He woke men to mightier life,

He led to imperial heights,—

By the uplift of lowliness' self,—

And the flame of His thought and the fire of His heart

Was the blazon of God,

And the glimpse of His wondrous soul,

Which the visions of men thought they caught,

Was the visage of God,—

Radiant, rejoicing with love,

Sinking and sobbing with love,

With the fulness of love.

A Man has been born !

And He lives.

With a vigor immortal He lives,

And the world in its deadness and langor, feels His
quickenings pulse,

And His full brimming life, and His manliest strength.
He moves and music is born ;
He smiles and a rapturous sunshine
Sweeps in with swift wings on the soul :
He weeps, as a strong man weeps, and His tears,
As the falling of still evening dew,
Drop deep benedictions of hope ;
He dies, but His death-cry of triumph
Strikes the note for the anthems of ages,
And the richness of life has begun,
And the sweetness and beauty of strength
And the godlike sublimeness of manhood
Wake the world !

There is joy in my heart for a Man has been born !
And I look to the depths of the love of His eyes—
(O the wealth of his life !—
And the woes !)
And I glow in His luminous presence,
The swell of the sea fills my heart,

And the light of the stars all my soul,
And the sea and the stars and the glory of love
Are the breath of my life.
List ! the songs of the seraphs again,
And the slumberous stillness of earth.
But again a glorious birth, a love incarnate again,
And I know by the thrill,—
Crying weakness and answering strength,—
That again in a heart on this Christ-morn,
In the grace and the glory of God
A Man has been born.

THANKSGIVING.

I thank Thee, Lord, for mine unanswered prayers,
Unanswered save Thy quiet, kindly "Nay,"
Yet it seemed hard amid my heavy cares—
That bitter day.

I wanted joy,—but Thou didst know for me
That sorrow was the gift I needed most
And in its mystic depths I learned to see
The Holy Ghost.

I wanted health,—but Thou didst bid me sound
The secret treasures of pain
And in the moans and groans my heart oft found
Thy Christ again.

I wanted fame,—but Thou forbadeſt ſtrife,
 “Make no repute,” ſo ran the ſacred Word—
And ſo I learned the ſweetneſs of the life
 Hid with the Lord.

I wanted wealth,—’twas not the better part ;
 There is a wealth with poverty oft given
And Thou didſt teach me of the gold of heart,—
 Beſt gift of Heaven.

I thank Thee, Lord, for theſe unanſwered prayers
 And for Thy word, the quiet kindly “Nay,”
’Twas Thy withholding lightened all my cares—
 That bleſſed day.

THE PASSION OF MY SOUL.

The passion of my soul is for the Truth,—
Truth that makes pure
And high of thought and simple-hearted,—
Truth that makes free.
Contented then to live my life obscure,
Unknown, unloved, even misunderstood,
If that the circling haloes of the Truth, God's Truth,
Shall warm and lighten in the secret shrine—
The penetralia of my heart of hearts,—
And send a glow upon my life
Of simple pureness and unceasing goodness
That lives and works and dies and lives in God.

HOLD ON TIGHT!

When the day is black as midnight
 With a deep despair ;
When the burden is too heavy
 For the heart to bear ;
When all life is ceaseless struggle,
 Every day a fight,—
Then look up, for He is near thee—
 Hold on tight !

When the tempest sweeps in fury,
 Only ruins left ;
Plans are blasted, life a failure,
 Every hope bereft ;
When the whole world seems a-twisted
 Wrong on right ;
Then look up, for He is near thee—
 Hold on tight !

When the face of God seems hardened

To our pain ;

And the doubting heart cries wildly

But in vain ;

When the Universe seems empty

Starless night,—

Still look up, for He is near thee.

Hold on tight !

Postlude

IV

THE LARGER LIFE.

Yet still athirst—with all the wealth of art,
The rare enrichment of all human love,
And that deep love the hint of God's own heart? . . .
Then give thy strength to lift all men above

The sordid earthliness in which we groan
Travailing for the coming of the right,
The bringing-in of nobleness alone
The coronation of all love in light.

The golden age which generous hearts began ;
This is the larger life and nobler strife—
The strong divineness of self-sacrifice.

Drink, Soul, 'tis thine,—this fount that satisfies,
Yet ever deep inspires toward larger life
And nobler service ; love to God and man.

Part Fourth

THE NATION THAT SHALL BE.

(Read at a dinner of the Cold Cut Club, Boston,
to Walter Crane, Artist and Socialist.)

I see the latest forming of the Nation,
Ushered in, not by the blade of revolution,
But by the smitings of the peaceful swords of God.

What art thou, O Nation of the Nations,
But the outworking of the eternal will
To final purpose?
Long centuries God kept thee closed.
Men dreamed of an Atlantis in the West
But God kept thee closed,
Until the soil and seed of men were ripe
For the last sowing in the fields of earth.
Here has the seed been ripening in its full
From the superb outflowerings of the past

Into the rarest fruit of all the world.

And loving eyes are aching with the vision

And brains are fervent with the passionate ambition

To mould by the will of man blent with the fire of God

To mould the peerless nation that the world waits
eagerly.

What shall the latest nation show to earth ?

No more of a land of plenty filled with beggars,

And starving men who seek for work in vain ;

No more of a land of liberty, where men are slaves

To soulless syndicates that rule the state ;

No more of a land that boasts of dignity of toil

Where toil is warfare, struggle to the death,

And selfishness is made the primal law,

And gold the constant idol of the heart ;

No more of a land that wastes the gifts of God

In useless labor of unnatural strife,

Or plunders toil to swell its idle hoard ;

No more of a land where gold makes kings and vassals,—

A glittering aristocracy of its red lineage,—
And earnest hearts and brains belittled ;
No more of the boast of independence
When more than half the nation are the serfs
Of those who call themselves the stronger,
Dependent on them for protection, livelihood,
And forced to enter loveless bonds,
Or lawless bonds in grim necessity . . . ,
No more of these. . . .

This shall be the nation show :

Its finest product in the days to come
Its stalwart broods of lofty-loving equal men and women.
They shall feel in their souls
The breath of forest and prairie,
The swirl of great rushing rivers,
The strength of rocks and mountains,
And the low-voiced surge—
The antiphonal voices of the two great oceans—
Beating opposite shores,

The infinite largeness and endless richness of living
From the pines of Maine and the ice of Alaska
To the Florida glades and the uplands of Texas.

They shall know

An education of the fullest manhood and womanhood ;

No culture of the brain alone

To machiavellian wiles and skeptic emptiness,

No culture of the heart alone

To superstitions or sentimental weakness,

But brain and heart and body moulded up

Into the perfect stature,

And all of education, the highest education

Free as air to all.

They shall live a life of rich religion in the heart,

The fact of brotherhood a living fact

That every day is patent in the life ;

The living Christ, the perfect bond of service

And God all loving father.

They shall have time of leisure as of toil

When they can stay the bread and butter strife
To look aloft ;
When artists, musicians, poets,
Scholars, orators, divines,
Shall gather at the common hearths
And all the riches of the higher life—
Its finest product and its noblest toil—
Shall be beloved and owned by ALL the people.
And they shall see the face of God in Nature
And in their truest heart
And glory in their life.
These are the finer men and women,
Cradled in fullest liberty of mind and heart,
Not creasured by the fling of circumstance,
But rising with their natal stars
Their equal privileges with all their fellows
In education, wealth and earth's high honor.

I stand among the woods of Maine
Near the most eastern point,

Where the salt kisses leave their foamy breath
Upon the rocks at Lubec.
I see the laughing hosts of early dawn
Swarm silken-sandalled o'er the shouting sea
Trampling the purple darkness underfoot
And twining lustrous morning round the mountain tops.
Onward they sweep in serried smiling waves,
Waking the music in the hearts of men
And whispering that the slumbering night is done.
They crown Katahdin with a newer gold ;
The White Hills show their splendid mysteries ;
They burn the mists from Alleghanies ;
They flash along the coasts of stormy Rockies
And blue Sierras, till on Shasta's brow
They fling their diamonds in eternal snows,
And glint the spear of the Aleutian fisher ;
But scarce the sheen has faded from the spear
In crimson sunset
Before again the axes of the woodsman

There in the woods of eastern Maine
Are blazing in the kisses of the hurrying hosts of yet
another morning.

Thus forever clothed in conquering light thou art,
O Nation smiling in eternal sunshine.
So shall the new dawn break upon thy shores
And a new sunshine warms the hearts of men
On boundless prairies and the mountain heights,—
The sunshine of a larger life in service
To man for love of God.

The eyes of all the world shall see thy light—
It is the fire of God that lights thine altars—
And on the rising of thine incense smoke
The breath of all the world shall rise in ripening prayer
And usher in the long-dreamed Age of Love.

THE WORK.

It is the Master's work we do,
 Within our lives He stands ;
He walks with our swift-hurrying feet,
 And plies our busy hands.

His love it is within our hearts ;
 His wisdom makes us wise ;
His deathless passion in our souls ;
 His cross before our eyes.

Our weakness and our faithlessness,
 Our sins are all our own ;
But all the good and true in us
 Belongs to Him alone.

O Master, we would live to Thee ;
 Make us a living Word,
Till every heart-beat is Thine own,
 And Love our sovereign Lord.

THE COMING MAN :
A SONG OF STRENGTH.

Come forth !

Man of the strong right arm,
Rich in thy wealth of life,
Hot blood full rife for the throes of strife,
Stalwart, and lusty, and warm,
Great in thy girth of chest,
Great in thy brawny limb,
Noble in feature, frame, and trim,
And perfect health on thy glowing breast,

Come forth !

Come forth !

Man of the mighty mind,

With comprehensive grasps
Of thought, that sweeping, circling, clasps
Life's problems and all knowledge-kind ;
Keen in thy piercing sight
For truth through tangled maze,
Yet patient in thine earnest gaze,
And willing to work for the hard-sought light,
Come forth !

Come forth !
Man of the strong, true heart,
Beyond despair or fear,
Pulsing fore'er with hope and cheer
Through suffering's pang or failure's smart :
With faith in thy fellow-man,
With love for a loving God,
And pleasure's nod and sorrow's rod
Brave bearing, as only a true heart can,
Come forth !

Come forth !

Man of the triune strength

Of body, mind and heart ;

The pulpit, bar, and busy mart

Call thee throughout the world's broad length ;

Success treads on thy heels,

We crown the victor, king !

(Palm branches bring ! Glad pæans sing !)

The expectant world in homage kneels—

Come forth !

SUNRISE HYMN.

(At the Seashore.)

Softly the winds of fair and fragrant morning

Whisper the coming of the brightening way,

While the still glory of the purple dawning

Flashes its prophecies of golden day.

Strongly the surges of deep-throated ocean

Thunder thanksgiving in a royal praise,

And all the waves in shimmering commotion

Lift their bright faces in a wondering gaze.

And lo ! He rises, splendid, strong, and glorious,

Trailing his clouds, enthroned upon the sea,—

The King of Day, supreme, sublime, victorious !—

And morning breaks in matchless majesty.

Rise, light of God, and with the radiant dawning,

Shine in our souls, and chase the night away !

Bring to our hearts the courage of the morning,

Give us new strength for this, God's glorious day !

VICTURI SALUTAMUS.

“Young men whose generous hearts are beating high.”

—*Longfellow's Morituri Salutamus.*

I.

Not in Roman arena the boasting despair and mock
pride

That cried, “We who shall die now salute thee, O
Cæsar!” and died.

Not the pathos of the white-haired sires saying softly,
with saddened voice,

“About to depart, we salute you and bid you rejoice!”

But the vigor of red-hearted manhood, with a glow
from on high,

And the cry, “About now to *live*, we salute you”—to
the earth and the sky.

II.

We salute you, O earth and sky, and your limitless
countings of men,
Born of the earth and sky, God enshrined in the clay
again,
Wrought in heroic mould, daring and white-souled and
strong,
With knighthood, invested of Heaven, for righting
earth's wrong ;
All the men who have wrought the world's work, who
have lived and still live,
And shall live evermore—take the loving salute that
we give !

III.

As we buckle new harness upon us, our steel glints and
beams,
And our hearts' young blood sings loudly the music of
rosiest dreams,

Dauntless our souls look the world in the face, and are
gay,

And see new triumphs ahead, and are hot for the fray ;
Yet not in hasty presumption, or the echo of eager
boast,

Our salute to the earth and the sky and the hero-
crowned host—

We would join them, strike hands with their valor, do
their hard deeds of worth,

And in comradeship strong walk with them as the
princes of earth,

Walk though in suffering and pain, work though men
scorn and despise,

And our hearts full of peace, and our heads 'mid the
stars of the skies.

IV.

For our life is with the immortals, our destiny chained
to the sky

In the links of a golden love that holds to the Throne
on high ;
Deathless the fire in our breast, deathless the leap of
the brain
That circles the earth like a god, then launches to
Heaven's vast main,
That sails with exulting heart on the farthest seas of
the soul—
Are they not all seas of God, and the great heart of
God the goal?

V.

What a glory is youth, with the bloom on the soul, and
the health,
And the fragrance of promise that hints of the heart's
wondrous wealth,
And the generous dreamings that mantle the blood to
the face
And rally the yearnings and longings for glory and
grace,

And thrill the finest of souls to an utter devotement to
truth,
So that prophecies of the future speak loud in the
pulses of youth.

VI.

Oh the joy that it is to be living! to feel the hot blood
Pulsing on through tense veins with a tumult of torrent
and flood,
And the nerves all a-tingle with music that throbs in
the brain,
And surges the soul to the heavens in passionate
strain;
Oh the joy when the spirit is leaping in strifes of the
mart,
And muscle and sinew are braced to the brain and the
heart;
When the glory of splendid achievement has struck its
white fire

To the depths of sublimest ambition and noblest
desire ;—

Oh the joys of the summer twilight, when softly an
“ Angelus ” prayer

Chimes from the village belfry and blesses the trem-
ulous air.

Oh the joys of long placid thinking, with the dews of
God on the brow,

And eternity deep in the soul, and the Future unveiled
in the Now !

VII.

For the Then and the Now and the Then are forever
but one,

And our lives have caught fast in their meshes the
years of the sun,

And we live, if a day, then forever,—if life be true life,
And the heart of our living be God-like in God-like
struggle and strife,

The life linked with God is eternal, His years are our
own,
And our changeful work as enduring as the changeless
base of His Throne.

VIII.

How much have we done, or shall do? No matter.
But what is the plan—
Is the spirit, conception and purpose worthy the deed
of a man?
Mayhap the life is broken,—no work has been done,—
Is eternity lost by the fragment but grandly begun?
God needs not our work, but that working we reach to
His feet,
And the faith that has nobly dared makes the fragment
complete.

IX.

One life that we knew and loved — a life that was part
of our life—

Was swept by the onward flood into nobler and loftier
 strife,
Into ampler, diviner living. And still in our close-
 shackling clay,
With a push divine in our souls, we work toward the
 breaking of day.
We work in the night, and the years are full of our
 striving, and long,
But that life that was lost is living in life immortal and
 strong.

X.

“About now to *live*, we salute you!” the songs we have
 sung
Have been idling preludes only to the symphony
 barely begun,—
A symphony deep in its thunders and tumult and
 strife,
And rich with earnest endeavor, and strong with strong
 life,

But its harmonies breathe of the heavens, and its
undertone rising clear
Is the life victorious, glorious, in God, Hereafter and
Here.

QUATRAINS AND EPIGRAMS.

I.—HOME.

God is the home
To which we come
When death has passed
To life at last.

II.—LIFE.

Hide thou thy grief,
But let thy joy be known ;
Doubts will be brief,
If faith shall claim its own.
Pain is a gain ;
Sorrow a glorious strife ;
Death is a breath ;
And Love is Lord of Life.

III.—A POET.

He never wrote a line,—he might do worse,—
He read no poetry, nor cared for books,
And yet his words were rhythmic like the brooks,
And every deed a line of epic verse.

IV.—YOUTH.

Let me be young and strong to strive and fight,
And life forever full of hopes and fears,—
I ask no calmness of the gathering night,
And no smooth wisdom of the whitening years.

V.—BENEDICTION.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ,—
His gentleness, beauty and sweetness,
His graciousness lowly and holy,
Be upon you and bless you forever.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ,—
His goodness, His saving compassion,
His strength both in might and in right,
Be upon you and bless you forever.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ,—
The power and the wisdom of God,
The love that is beauty and duty,
Be upon you and bless you forever.

VI.—PHASES OF LIFE.

Life is a burden—bear it;

Life is a duty—dare it;

Life is a thorn-crown—wear it.

—*Father Ryan.*

Life is a task—laborious !

Life is a struggle—glorious !

Life is a battle—victorious !

Life is light—the fleetest ;
Life is love—the sweetest ;
Life is God—completest !

Life is a gift divine ;
 Death is life's wide portal ;
Life is heaven's wine ;
 Death is joy immortal !

THE CROSS.

Weary and dreary despair
Is the level beam of the cross ;
Helpless the outstretched arms,
Sore with the burden and loss.

But strong as a wingéd prayer
Is the upright beam of the cross,
For it points to the open heaven
And the gain that shall cover the loss.

One beam the burden of earth,
The other the strength of heaven ;
And both are the gift of God,
For man's best blessing given.

Earth and heaven at war,
The flesh and the spirit in strife ;
This is the cross in the heart and the world,—
This is the struggle of life.

But pain finds its blossom of peace,
And the cross shall end in the crown ;
For the suffering Love is the secret God
That shall make all heaven our own.

GIVING.

(A Hymn.)

Freely, O Lord, we have received Thy blessing ;
 Freely we give our hearts and lives to Thee ;
Gladly we come, Thy gifts and grace confessing,—
 Breathe in our hearts a noble charity.

Rich wert Thou, Lord, yet all for us was given ;
 Poor Thou becamest, poorest of the earth ;
But Thy dire poverty has brought us Heaven,
 And in Thy gift we find our only worth.

Take, Lord, our gifts. Whatever we can offer
 All is Thine own,—for we belong to Thee ;
Bless Thou the much, from out the golden coffer,
 Bless Thou the little, given cheerfully.

Silver and gold we lay upon Thine altar,
And above all our service and our prayer ;
Thine to the death was love that did not falter,
Teach us the faith for Thee to do and dare.

Blessed, more blessed, giving than receiving ;
Breathe on us now a noble charity.
Thou gavest all. O Lord, Thy love believing,
We would give all in gratitude to Thee.

WHEN THE PERFECT MAN SHALL COME.

(After hearing a Sermon by Phillips Brooks.)

And when the perfect man shall come,—perfect
Because divine,—how shall earth answer him?

Each man is as a master in the earth
And all the earth answers his touch and call :
The field makes answer to the hand that ploughs,
The rock makes answer to the cunning mind
That reads the secret of its age and power,
And water, fire, and air make quick response
To him who tames the lightning, steam, and flame
And makes them strong and willing servitors.

And thus as man draws closer to his God
And learns a deep philosophy and reason
And grows to fuller and more perfect manhood
Nature becomes yet more obedient to him
For he is learning secrets of her heart

And by obedience to her deepest laws
He conquers her and wins obedience.

And when the perfect man shall come,—perfect
Because divine,—how shall earth answer him?

What if he came tomorrow morn,—this man
Who knew the secret of the infinite life
Who breathed the very air of the eternal?
Would not the fields and rocks and sea and sky
Would not the trees and valleys, hills and floods,
Have words to say and quick response to make
Such as these hearts of ours have never known?
Would not the whole earth rise and answer him
In perfect service to its Perfect Master?

And when the perfect man shall come,—perfect
Because divine,—how shall earth answer him?

He came two thousand years ago, and all
The powers of Nature felt his strength of life

And all earth answered him. He spoke the word
And water blushed to wine. He spoke again,
And Death was slain of Life. He spoke again ;
The tempests felt the elemental voice
And stormy-waved Gennesaret was still.

Thus did earth answer him,—the perfect man,—
And men did call it strange, incredible.
But still that power of life,—that perfect man,—
That walked in ancient Galilee and Jewry,
That large and simple figure of a Man,
Majestic in unworldliness and truth,
Divine in purity and power of life
That large and simple figure men have seen
And never can forget. He wakened hope ;
He touched men's hearts to passionate divineness.
Once on this earth He walked, and walks forever
Through all the struggling, striving lives of men
Who climb, through toil and pain, the road to God.

BEHOLD THE MAN!

(The Meditation of a Convent Brother of Andalusia, Spain, A. D. 1400.)

Here where the flocks lie down at noon,
I shut my eyes and think it all once more.

Now that the folding's done, and silver bells are still,
I hear the myriad whispers of the nights,
The plashing of the pebbly brook that flows
From spicéd gardens sloping toward the sun,
And 'neath the trees the far-off talks of lovers,
Mingling their honeyed secrets of the heart
Beneath the tender sessions of the moon.

How soon the story of the wondrous Book
Mingles with life. I hear a song of birth,

The stars are throbbing with a lofty rhythm,
Until earth catches up an echo-song
And hearts of men are quickened into music.
And now the Man who is Himself a Song
Goes forth to make the weary world rejoice
And sing Himself into the sad world's heart.

O strange, thrice-strange and wondrous-seeming Man !
I walk with Thee amid a stranger land,
And no man seems to speak my native speech,
And all wear unfamiliar ways and garb,
And all seem moving in an urgent haste
And whispering as they look and follow Thee.

For Thou art Man like none that are around Thee ;
A strange fire burns and glows upon Thy face,
And that quick eye doth flash from tenderest pity
To sternest judgment, and again to pity,
And that sweet voice, oftimes so mild and rhythmic,
Anon is throbbing with its awful thunders.

O Man of strangest power and largest heart !
I see the children clamb'ring round thy knees,
And thou art smiling as thou blessest them.
I see thee standing at an open grave
And thou art weeping with the weeping sisters,
And now at marriage-feast, and now among the tombs,
Now thou art speaking hope to that poor harlot,
Now cleansing with a whip of thongs the temple,
Now thou art full of healing to the sick,
Now even death has wakened at thy word.

O Man of strangest ways ! I see thee go
To court the loneliness of secret mountains,
When the cold stars shine soft upon the dew ;
To breathe the breath of loftiest communion
In utter agony of speechless prayer,
While no man sees, but only thronging angels,—
And the low winds from Paradise are fragrant.

And now I see an unresisting Man,
Held silent in the world's imperious grasp ;
I see him hang upon the great grim cross
And hands and feet are torn with driven nails,
A crown of thorns is crushed upon his brow,
A spear is struck into the quivering side,
He cries, " 'Tis finished ! "
Quick ! help ! what means this awful dream of death !
The world is lost,—and light and love are lost !
'Tis black as midnight, and the rocks are throbbing,
Innumerable eyes peer through the gloom
And unseen hosts seem hasting toward the cross !
A universal cry of orphanage !
A rising of the tearful sheeted dead !
Give me, O God, to see and hear no more.

And then there came a voice, as if an angel's,—
Wait, wait, be quiet for a space, and wait.
Three days be still and trust the love of God.

.

See, see, the sky is blushing in the east,
The radiant dawn floods all the earth with glory,
The blooming morn drops roses on the world,
And yonder on a mountain stands the Man,
The risen Man, resplendent as the sun,
Clothed on with all the panoply of God,
And speaking now his latest word of love,—
The lofty music of all human life.

.

Were they not wondrous,—all those triple years,
And all their sweetness and stern mysteries?
And as I see them through the mists of ages
The sun grows brighter, burns the mists away,
And from the silence of the centuries
There rises for my heart majestic visions :

I see a Sower going forth to sow
And scattering grain upon the mountain top,
I see the blade, the ear, the full-grown corn,

Field after field of waving golden grain,
The hillsides laughing in their wealth of corn,
The valleys singing in the harvest moon.

I see a Shepherd going forth to seek
The sheep astray in mountain wilderness.
I watch him thread his way among the rocks,
And climb the crags and wade the rushing streams,
And cleave a way through tangled brush of thorns,
I see his brightening eye and joyous face,
What time he finds the long-lost shivering lamb,
And on his loving shoulder, bears it home.

I see a Father full of tenderness,
Stand in the door of the ancestral home ;
His face is stained and wrinkled with its tears ;
His eyes are aching with a daily longing ;
His hair is drifted with the snows of sorrow.
He sees afar his long-lost boy returning
And runs and sobbing, kissing, welcomes home
His boy, who, dead and lost, lives and is found.

I see a King of masters and dominions—
Royal, yet not a place to lay his head,
Royal, yet deep disdained by other kings,
But royal yet in nobleness of thought,
Divinity of purpose, depth of love ;
Royal, and therefore he could bend and stoop,
Royal, and therefore wash his followers' feet,
Royal, and therefore all the shame and cross ;
For such humility is kingdom kingliest,—
No accident or gift of regal birth,—
But a divinest splendor of the heart
That shines upon the forehead as a crown.

I see the shining of a glorious Light *
And men are beating blood-stained swords to plough-
 shares ;
I hear a mighty shout through all the earth,
A shout that gathers strength in regal joy
And far outswells the eloquence of thunder—

“ The kingdoms of this world are now become
The kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ !

And lo ! the Man despised and rejected
Is now the Light and Joy of all creation,
The travail of His soul is seen at last
And He is satisfied.

The night is cold,—the stars are cold,—about me,
Here in the quiet as I meditate.
But all my heart is mingled fire and flame,
And love burns incense to the Nameless Name.

~

SATISFIED.

(To the Memory of Dr. W. S. M.)

He is not dead ! Such souls can never die,—
He breathes already a diviner air,
And those eternal visions vast and fair
Already stretch before his wondering eye.

He is not gone ! His presence still is nigh,
And lives within our hearts with holiest prayer,
And sweetens all our lives like incense rare
That floats in fragrance to the throne on high.

May we not mourn,—we that have loved him so ?
His hopes were ours, his triumphs were our pride,
And how we gloried in his strong heart's blood !

Yes, mourn, but know that God has loved him too
No less than we. *And he is satisfied*
Before the vision of the face of God.

BROTHER LIFE AND SISTER DEATH.

(So Saint Francis of Assisi calleth Life and Death.)

I

BROTHER LIFE.

Hale fellow and well-met, I drink with thee
The brimming chalice of the wine of God,
First sipped when Eden was by Adam trod
With frolic health and rapturous purity.

Thy soul is full of music's mystery,
Thy feet are dancing on the festive sod,
Thy heart is reveling like an ancient god
Of those rare elder days divinely free.

Dear Brother Life, full pleasant to me still,
And rich in joy thou art, and sweet with light,
And glinting with the sheen of Heaven's gleams,

Thank God for thine unconquerable will
And for thy dauntless visions of the right
And for the splendor of thy brain's great Dreams.

II.

SISTER DEATH.

So often have I looked upon thy face,
And learned such lessons from the parting breath,
That I have come to love thee, Sister Death,
And yearn at times for thy last long embrace.

And when, with eye of faith, I learn to trace
In thee the glories that the good Book saith,
Then art thou God's best angel, Sister Death,
White-wingèd Azrael of seraphic race.

Nay, nay, I do not fear thee. Thou hast wrought
Such constant kindness to the sons of men,
And given life such surcease soft and sweet,

That when thou comest, I shall tremble not,
But meet thy smile with answering smile again,
And take thy hand and follow to God's feet.

BEHOLD THE SPIRIT!

He hath the Holy Spirit

Who shows a spirit holy,

A spirit true all through and through,

A spirit meek and lowly.

A spirit gentle, fair,

A spirit pure and free,

A loving shrine of duty, beauty,

And all courtesy.

A spirit sweet and still

For daily living given,

A spirit strong to right the wrong

And make this world a heaven.

A spirit quick to serve
And do the Father's will,
Whose busy days are full of praise,
While work is worship still.

A spirit that believes
That sacrifice is gain,
Whose daily breath is daily death
In fellowship of pain.

A spirit that aspires
And strives in noble strife,
And feels the needs of creeds and deeds,
And makes its faith a life.

A spirit honest, right,
That owes no debt but love,
Whose speech is wise and hides no lies,
The serpent and the dove.

A spirit that loves truth,
That loves the blessed Word,
That loves to find the heart and mind
And glory of the Lord.

A spirit fixed and stayed,
Its choice the better part,
A spirit blest with perfect rest,
The peace of God's own heart.

He hath the Holy Spirit

Who shows this spirit holy ;
This is the word of Him our Lord
Whose heart is meek and lowly.

THE VOICE OF GOD.

I hear, as I stand on the headlands of life,
The wind of the Lord come hurrying by ;
It sweeps through the crowds that are surging with strife,
And brings deeper notes to the shout and the sigh.

For weird music awakes at the hurrying Breath,
And men are amazed at the glorious Gleam ;
And a life of new purpose has conquered old death,
And stirreth the world to follow the Dream.

E'en my soul is a-whisper,—an Eolian string,—
And it turneth the storm of the night to a song,—
O God, it is Thine, if a message it bring
To make some heart holy and daring and strong !

I hear the bugles of battle a-breaking,
And the horns of the heroes that sing with the sword ;
And hark ! for the thunderous trumpets are waking,—
O Masters of Music, ye have answered the Lord !

THE MASTERS: A DREAM OF MUSIC.

(A Poem in Prose: Dedicated to John Hermann Loud
on his twenty-first birthday.)

I.

Was it a vision or a passing dream? was it a fancy, or a truth of God? Listen, and tell who can. As I came slowly to myself again I felt a sense of weariness, as if from some long journey; a sense of painful breathing, as if I came again from some rare atmosphere into a duller, heavier air, and yet I felt withal a lightness and a gladness of the soul, an ecstasy of eye and ear, as if the visions and the music of another life were with me even yet. Some time it was before I quite could realize where now I found myself. Then slowly as the towering columns took their shape, the arches and the groined roof, and as the light fell through the softened colors of the great rose windows, I remembered that I

was at Notre Dame. And as the voice of priest and singers reached my ears, and the great organs sighed and sobbed and thundered in their vast antiphonies, I looked and saw the altar bright with glory. The candles were ablaze, the priests were bowing, the fragrance of the incense floated still upon the air, and I remembered all. I was at that sweet office of the Benediction after Vespers.

But what strange happening had come to me? The deep remembrance was all too vivid, too coherent for a passing dream. More real it was to me than all the other things that passed before me in all the hours of that most wondrous day.

Had I been caught up in the spirit, as was Paul in the old days? And had it been, that even unto me, unworthy as I am, there had been given a moment when the spirit has been blest and lifted to the third or seventh heaven, and made to see and hear the things almost unutterably sweet and rich and wondrous?

II.

Shall I tell something—what I can—of these high things that mostly are beyond the power of human words?

It seemed as if I stood alone within the pleasant twilight of a wondrous garden of white roses. The air was soft with perfume, above me shone one single glorious star, and from a distance came the faintest sounds of low, delicious music. As I wandered there at will, suddenly I was aware that some new presence stood before me—a woman marvelously fair and sweet of face. And she was clothed in flowing garments, lustrous white and fragrant. She spoke. Her voice was as a gentle song, and this she said: “Music you love and prayer you love. ’Tis well. I come to lead you to the heart of All, that you may tell your fellow men the truth, and give them sweeter aspirations after God. Follow in prayer, for I am she whom men call Saint Cecilia.” Then on she led, and prayerfully I followed.

Her step was rhythmic, and her presence soft exhaled a perfume and a music, as if ten thousand of those tender roses in the garden breathed at her every footfall and sighed in harmony a serenade of love.

III.

How long I followed on I do not know. I only know that fairer and more radiant grew her sweet presence ; I only know that wondrous and more wondrous grew the symphonies of sound that seemed to float about her and crown her as with glory.

At last she paused, and still I stood in ecstasy and reverence. Naught could I see at first but her, my gentle guide, who kneeled before a great white light that seemed to shape itself into a pure white Cross. This only could my mortal eyes discern. But wondrous awe stole to my heart, and down I fell and worshiped also at that Presence—the central Joy and Glory of all life. And O, the music ! The air was music, and

devotion was a rapture. We were within the minstrelsy of heaven—the harpers and the swelling choruses, the seraphs' songs, the noise of many waters, the cherubs' voices and the thunders.

IV.

What wealth of harmonies sublime were in those mighty choruses! I seemed to hear, distinct, yet blended wondrously, all the sweetest, noblest music that the earth had known from earliest ages.

Now what seemed to me the music of old Egypt. Sweet it was, as if led by the lyre of thrice-illustrious Hermes, with a myriad host that played on citharas and moon-shaped harps and sistrums with their tinkling rings of silver.

And then what seemed the songs of Hebrew priests; the music of old Tubal Cain, and Asaph, and David's thousands with their instruments, and tens of thousand singers jubilant in song; the people and the Levites in

antiphonies amid the clash of cymbals and the blare of trumpets.

And then it seemed as if I heard the music of the Greeks in temple rites and war songs, strong, triumphant; Orpheus and Amphion, Tyrtæus and Apollo, and rustic Pan; and lute and lyre and harp and flute, and softest Lydian airs and songs of clashing swords and joyous melodies of high Olympus.

These all and more, and all superbly blended and interwoven with rich harmonies.

At times there was a silence wondrous sweet. And then far distant I could hear the softly murmurous music of the spheres, as if an echo, a thousand fold reverberation of this the nearer tide of heavenly joy.

And then again in softest rapture the choruses would recommence, and slow unfold their glory of sweet sound, as leaf by leaf might open some great supernal rose of lustrous whiteness and of rapturous perfume.

And now I seemed to hear the music of the world's

dim twilight of the Middle Ages; the songs of lovers in Italian gardens, the ballads of the wandering troubadours in Southern France, the plaintive chants of Druids in the woods of Britain, the rough-toned sagas of the stormy Norse, and breathing over all the great Gregorian chants of tonsured priests in dim cathedral aisles, and noble masses of old Palestrina.

And as I listened still with throbbing heart I seemed to hear the master works of all the masters of the latest age—the chorales, anthems, symphonies and masses that are the glory of our nobler life. I heard the “Passion” music of the immortal Bach, the massive oratorios of Handel and of Haydn, the wondrous “Twelfth Mass” of the wondrous Mozart, the “Symphony Heroic” of divine Beethoven. These and a thousand more I heard within the circling, surging choruses. And yet, the music was not such as on the earth we hear. The best that on the earth we hear is poor and cold compared to this transcendent tide of song. Perfect was this, transfigured and divine.

V.

And as I listened, bowed in very rapture, the thought took shape within me : “ Earth is honored wondrously that here, incorporate with seraphic song and minstrelsy divine, are sung the songs that hearts of men have made, and all the themes and work of those, the masters, in the realms of music of the sons of men.”

And as my thought was blossoming, my sweet celestial guide discerned it all unspoken and answered with her voice of softest song : “ What on the earth is best is near to Heaven, and thou seemest to hear the noblest songs of earth and all the themes of earth’s great symphonies mingled in these celestial harmonies. Listen ! I brought thee here to teach thee a great truth. ‘Tis almost thine. Earth never gave to Heaven, but Heaven to earth. These choruses of high immortal song, the symphonies of rapturous melodies, have surged and rolled like this from first creation’s earliest morning. They are the song of God’s own heart, that outpours

itself forever, like bubbling fountains, in melodious waves of infinite delight, and are caught up in ecstasy and eternally re-echoed by all His countless and enraptured host of cherubim and seraphim. What now thou hearest, these melodies, forever old, forever new, is what the morning stars together sang at their first birth, and will forever roll and throb in joyous rapture round the throne of love. What thou hast heard at times on earth are dim remembrances and distant echoes of this great primal and eternal song of God."

VI.

Then my heart knew the truth. At last I knew that music was a revelation of the heart of God. No music is on earth, no rhythmic sound, but what is echo of the surging realm of melody divine that wakes in God's own heart and waves in widening circles to the farthest bounds of His great universe.

And then I knew that those we call the masters—those we call creators and composers—are those to whom at times come gifts of hearing. They are the chosen ones with the thrice blessed gift of God to hear His song. And snatches of the mighty choruses of Heaven have filled their ears betimes and thrilled their souls, and they have written down what they have heard and given us the hymn and anthem, song and symphony.

Happy are ye, O sons of men, gifted of God to hear and sing again the songs of other worlds !

Happy, ye chosen ones, who can soothe and rouse our hearts with echoes of God's own eternal song.

Happy are ye, for ye are made the lighteners of earth's hard tasks, the cheerers of the weary heart of pain, the sanctifiers of the hours of joy ; and God, through you, His prophet-priests of song, doth kindle in our hearts a deeper fire of pure devotion and an impassioned longing for those heavenly realms where

the air is music, speech is music, life is music, and the countless throngs, in all their joyous deeds of endless love and marvelous delight, make music of immortal symphonies and anthems, as they draw closer to the rapturous heart of God. . . .

VII.

. . . Something of this it was that seemed my dream, or trance, or living truth. But much is all unutterable. The sights, the sounds, were wonder beyond words. And, O! that glory of the pure white Cross—for only this my mortal eyes could see—toward which the boundless music seemed to surge and float and throb and bow eternally in homage. And as I kneeled there, worshiping in constant adoration and a wondrous ecstasy, . . . behold, I was on earth again, at Benediction in great Notre Dame.

Paris, August 26, 1894.

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